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Some text and illustrations are lost through tight binding. This is a problem which we regret we have found unavoidable since we are only filming at the Victoria and Albert Museum those catalogues that cannot be found in other London locations.

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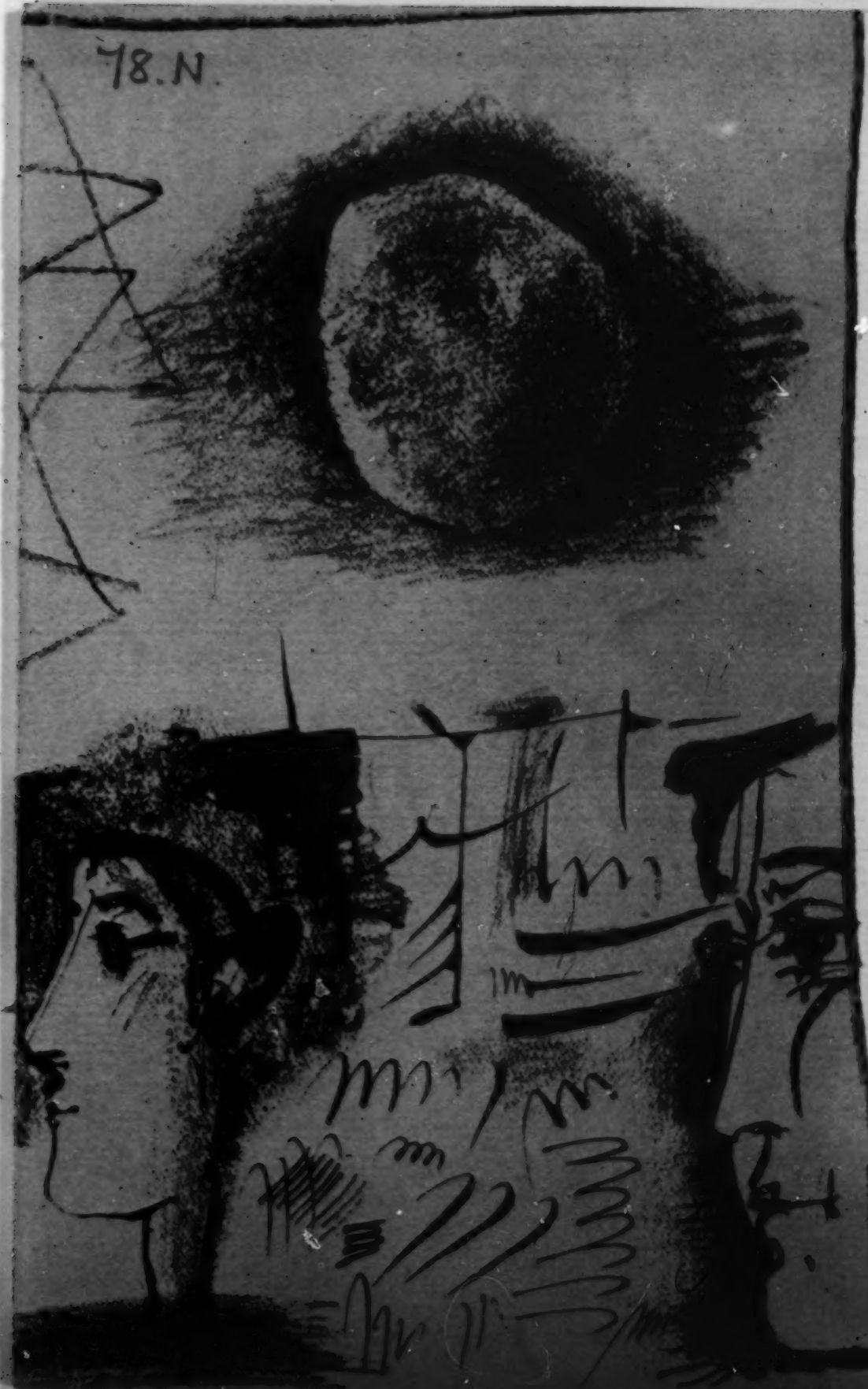
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Cover: Catalogue-No: 54

PABLO PICASSO

1950-1953

November 24 — December 19

1953

CURT VALENTIN GALLERY

32 EAST 57 STREET • NEW YORK

ACKNOWLEDGMENT:

I wish to thank Mr. Henry-Daniel Kahnweiler and Mme. Louise Leiris for their generous assistance in making this exhibition possible. The exhibition includes eighteen paintings of 1953 which have never been shown here or abroad. Also I wish to thank the following lenders: Anonymous; Mr. Victor Ganz, New York; Mr. Morton G. Neumann, Chicago; Mr. Louis E. Stern, New York; Mr. Peter Watson, London.

The text by Paul Eluard, translated by Roland Penrose, was first published by Lund Humphries, London, 1951, in Homage to Picasso.

CURT VALENTIN



[50]



L. 2849.

14. XII. 1953.



[1]

CATALOGUE

OILS

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | WINTER LANDSCAPE
1950. 39 x 52"
Lent by Victor Ganz | 4 | HEAD OF A WOMAN
1952. 18½ x 13⅛" |
| 2 | GIRL READING AND
CHILDREN PLAYING.
1951. 29½ x 36¾"
Lent Anonymously | 5 | HEAD OF A WOMAN
1952. 25½ x 21⅛" |
| 3 | HEAD OF A WOMAN
1952. 26 x 21¾" | 6 | HEAD OF A WOMAN
1952. 22 x 18½" |
| | | 7 | VILLA AND PALM TREE
1952. 35½ x 46½" |

8 KNEELING WOMAN
1953. 52 x 39"

9 WOMAN WITH SCARF
1953. 37 x 29¼"
Lent Anonymously

10 WOMAN IN AN ARMCHAIR
* 1953. 40 x 32½"

11 *Les Rougets*
1953. 32½ x 40"

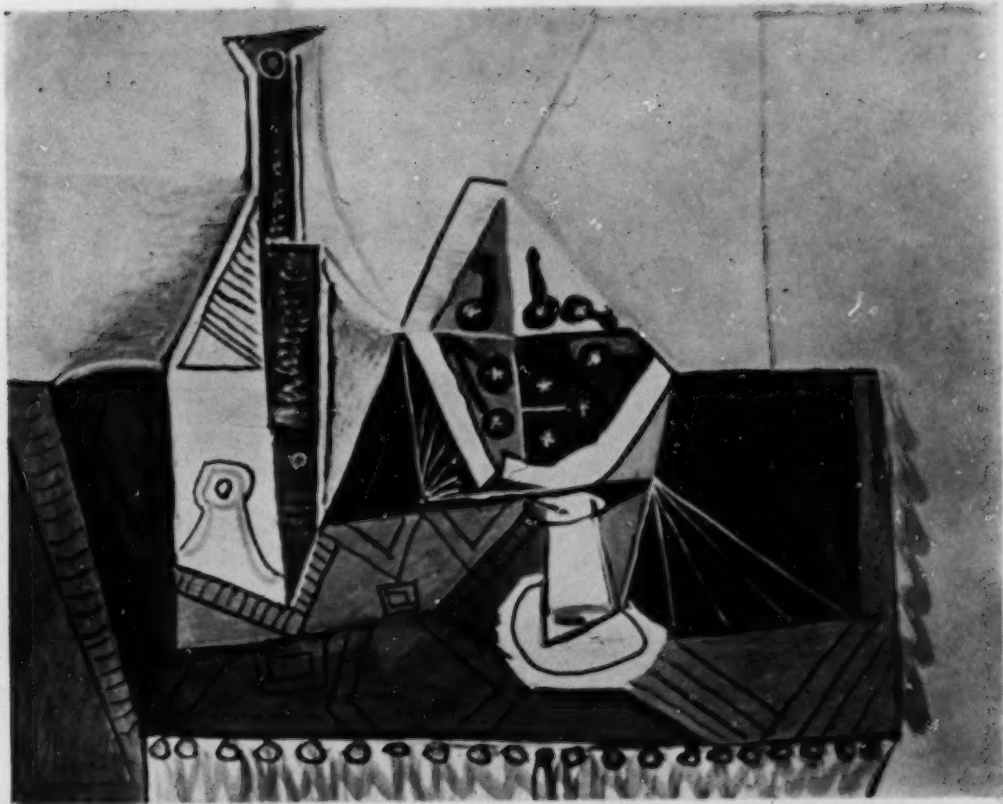
12 STILL LIFE WITH
BOWL OF CHERRIES
1953. 32½ x 40"

13 COFFEE POT AND BOWL
WITH CHERRIES
1953. 32½ x 40"

14 HEAD OF A GIRL
1953. 11 x 9"

15 HEAD OF A WOMAN
1953. 14 x 10¾"





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16 HEAD OF A WOMAN
1953. 13½ x 9½"

17 BUST OF A WOMAN
1953. 26 x 21½"

18 VALLAURIS
1953. 8¾ x 13¼"

19 LANDSCAPE WITH PINE TREE
1953. 22 x 15½"

20 THE HILL
1953. 20 x 24¼"

21 GARDENS AT VALLAURIS
1953. 10¾ x 16½"

22 *Le Grand Ciel*
1953. 11 x 14"

23 HOUSES IN VALLAURIS
1953. 20 x 24½"

24 PINETREE AND PALMTREE
1953. 7½ x 11"

25 GARDENS
1953. 7½ x 11"

26 MAN SMOKING CIGARETTE
1953. 40 x 32½"

27 TEAPOT AND LEMON
1953. 10¾ x 14"

28 TEAPOT AND CUP
1953. 9¾ x 13¼"

SCULPTURE

29 ROOSTER
1932. Bronze. H. 26½"
Lent by Peter Watson

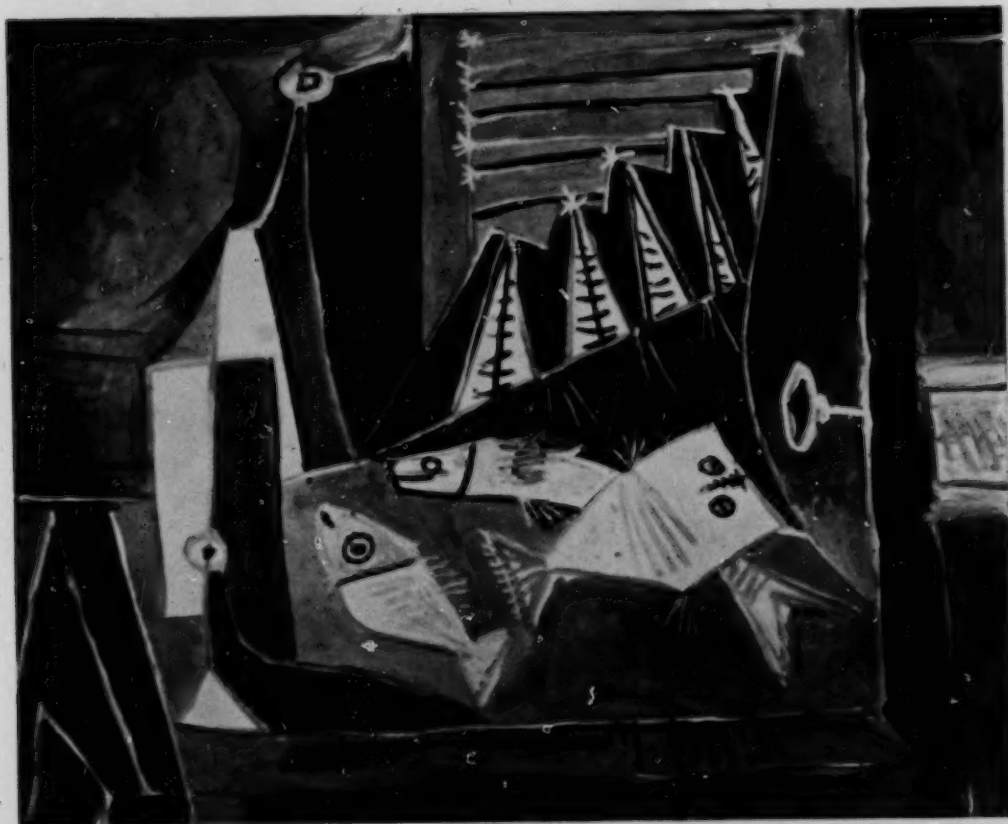
30 ANGRY OWL
1950. Bronze. H. 13"
Lent by Morton G. Neumann

31 OWL
1950. Bronze. 14½"
Lent by Louis E. Stern

32 GIRL READING A BOOK
1952. Painted bronze. H. 11½. L. 19"

33 PITCHER AND FIGS
1952. Painted bronze. H. 11½. L. 19"

34 OWL
1953. Painted bronze. H. 14⅞"





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[5]



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35 OWL
1952-53. Painted bronze. H. 12¾"

36 BLACK AND WHITE OWL
1953. Painted terracotta. H. 13¾"

37 OWL
1953. Painted terracotta. H. 13¾"

38 RED AND WHITE OWL
1953. Painted terracotta. H. 13¾"

39. RED AND BLACK OWL
1953. Painted terracotta. H. 13¾"

40 SLEEPING GREY PIGEON
1953. Painted terracotta. H. 6½"

41 PIGEON
1953. Painted terracotta. H. 8½"

42 SLEEPING WHITE PIGEON
1953. Painted terracotta. H. 5"

43 NESTING PIGEON
1953. Painted terracotta. H. 7"

44 NESTING DOVE
1953. Painted terracotta. H. 6"

45 WHITE AND BLACK PIGEON
1953. Painted terracotta. H. 9"

46 NESTING PIGEON
1953. Painted terracotta. H. 7"



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CERAMICS

47 MELON AND KNIFE
1948. 12½ x 15"

48 CENTAUR
1948. 12½ x 15"

49 BLUE PICADOR
1949. 12¾ x 15¼"

50 FAUN WITH BEARD
1949. 15½ x 13"

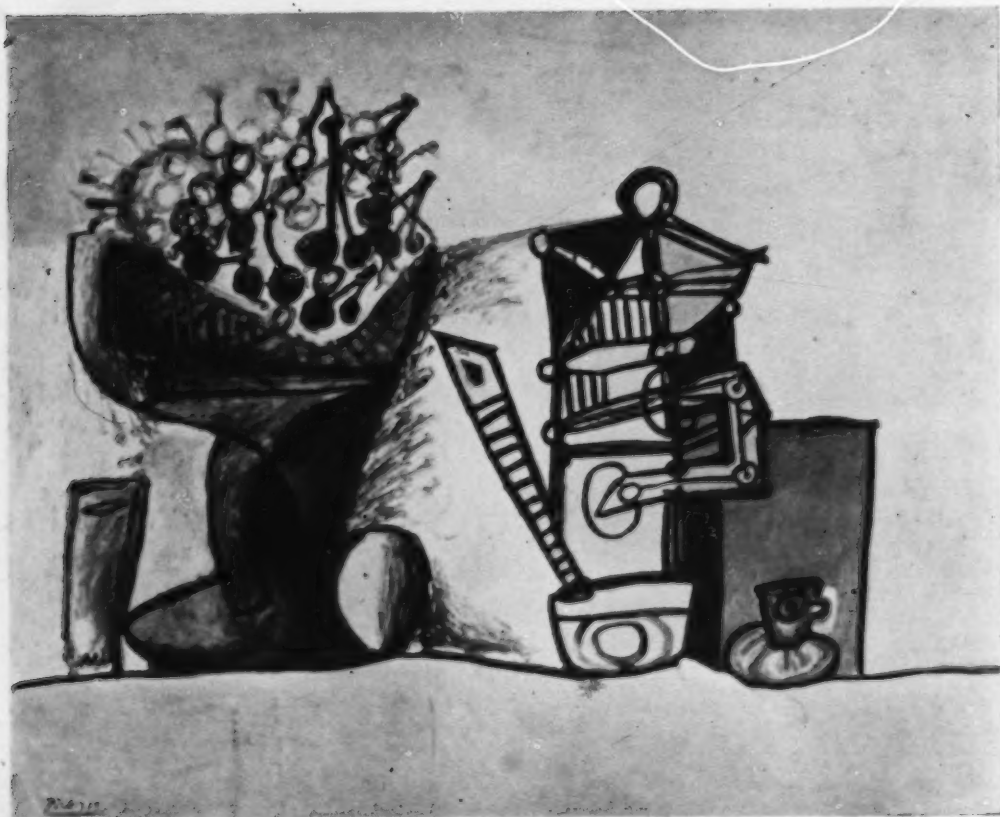
51 PICADOR
1953. 14¾ x 14¾"

52 TOREADOR
1949. 13 x 15½"

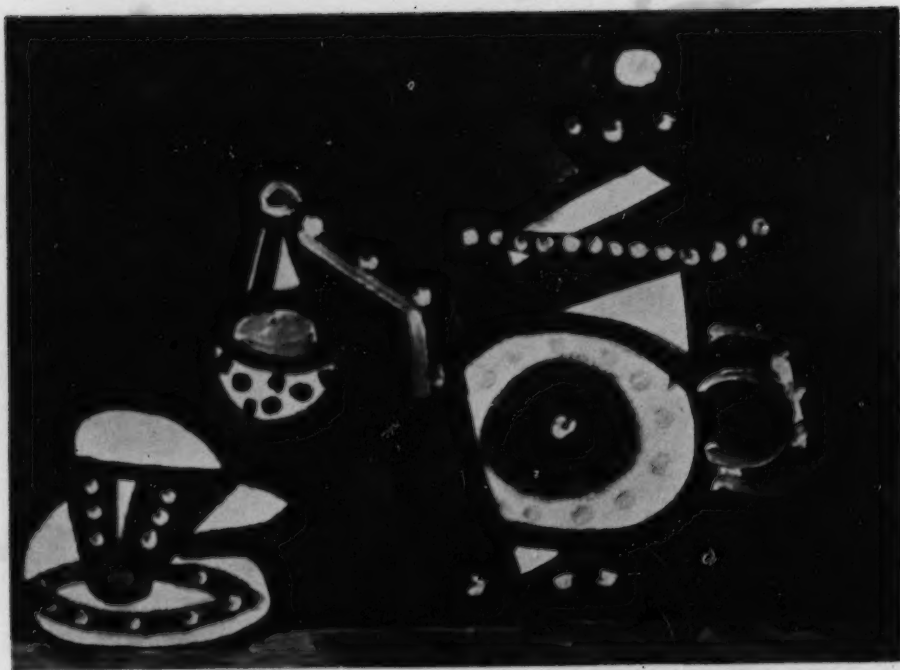
LITHOGRAPHS

53 LOBSTER AND FISH
1949. 32 x 44"

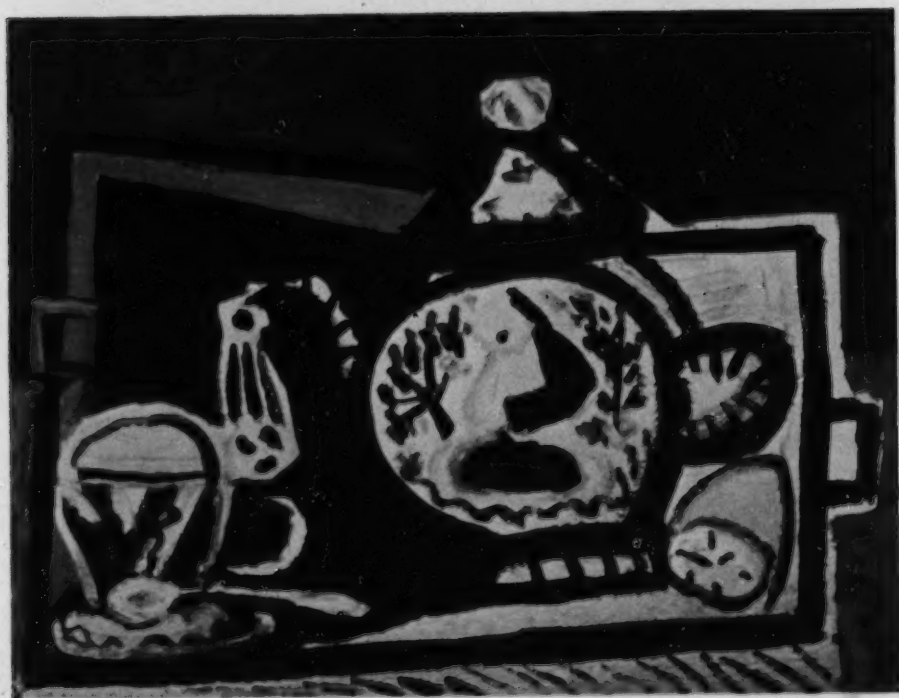
54 STONE AND HEADS
1950. 20 x 26"







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55 HONORÉ DE BALZAC I
1952. 30½ x 23"

56 HONORÉ DE BALZAC II
1952. 30½ x 23"

57 HONORÉ DE BALZAC III
1952. 30½ x 23"

58 PALOMA I
1952. 29½ x 22½"

59 PALOMA II
1952. 29½ x 22½"

60 THE EMBROIDERED BLOUSE
1953. 26 x 20"

61 *Les Jeux et la lecture*
1953. 20 x 26"

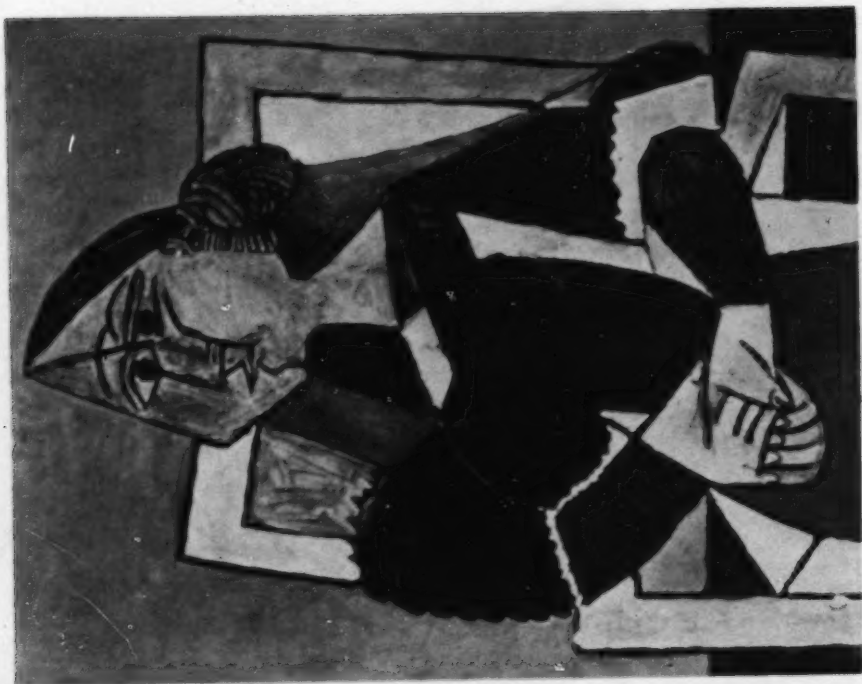
62 HEAD OF A WOMAN
1953. 26 x 20"

63 HEAD OF A WOMAN
1953. 26 x 20"

AQUATINTS

64 GIRL AT THE WINDOW
1952. 36 x 26"

65 RAMS SKULL ON A TABLE
1953. 22½ x 30½"



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How can a work be said to be "rather exaggerated" when, among its elements, there is a harmony that holds it together with a charm that might easily be broken by one more stroke? To be more explicit, I might remark that this sense of measure applied to a painting, without any previous study of the dose of "impression" it embodies, can reasonably be expected to detect any excess, whether the execution be masterly or negligent. . . .

Stephan Mallarmé, 1874
(on Manet)

PICASSO GOOD MASTER OF LIBERTY

by Paul Eluard

Translated by Roland Penrose

Picasso, here, I see you, and name you.

Since long ago I know your face, I see it fast and see it slowly.

A face of my family, a great family composed of very sure friends, day friends, night friends, all beautiful enough, very different.

Good folk, true friends always ready to befriend, to offer a paw as the honey bear offers his.

But it is you, Picasso, who they welcome first, for they are very grateful to you for forming their behaviour.

You make them humble or proud, in the realm of sores and swellings where they are men among men.

You teach them that it is good to pass through the happiness of Utopia, through the childish dream of holidays without end, but you give them also the desire to understand all and to see all, you give them daily the courage to refuse to be humbled by mortal vanity.

One day, they will laugh at having been thirsty and hungry, they will laugh at having so often fed off themselves.

Picasso, your countenance reflects their anxieties and their trials, just like the face of the woman they love.

• 2 •

You are all things to your work. Young or old, you work to strip naked your eyes and that which they see, that which you create.

Thus you are armed against death, against the bitterness of the flesh, against carelessness and remorse.

• 3 •

May it be said of you that you are a painter—not a great painter, nor a little painter—a *painter*, as soon it will be said a *man*, whatever his trade.



Paul Eluard 1895-1952

May it be said of you that you have worked. In the sacred places of premeditated idleness, your work one day will be honoured.

Your work has the weight of all work that is useful.

• 4 •

I write for my friends. They are legion. I write for all.

But I write at the edge of a pit without bottom from which work alone withholds me. I write with bricks and beams of iron, with a plough, with a burning torch, with

the energy of despair. I write to you from a bed hollowed out by death.

For you, life is forever won. I see you build your house, light your fire and cut your bread, love a woman, have children, help your brothers—and refuse to play the game, the infamous game in which men are rivals.

• 5 •

I would like to learn which it is of your pictures that will engender suffering. Where is he, the imbecile who can pretend to have suffered from your labours?

You refuse to shelter in a senseless refuge. You go forward, following always the exhausting contour of vagrant shapes, the thread of precipitated births, of unforeseen reasons, the crown of human seas, crown of the body, of the heart and of the brain. The human body compels you by its abode and by its wings.

You refuse to play the game of those who are defeated beforehand. They have halted to look at the landscape, already passed by. They are tired, and they are cowardly. They believe that they are sublime, they are merely absent, absurd.

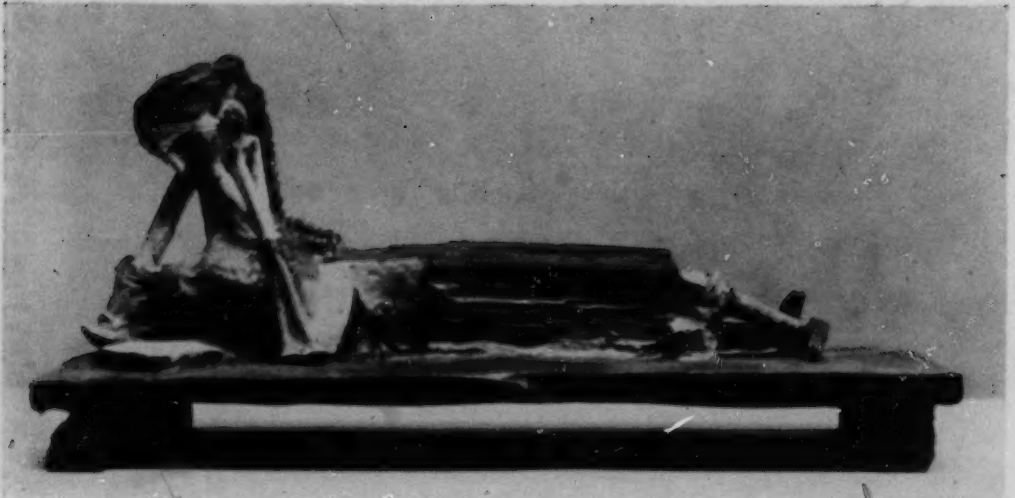
You, you go out into the street with confidence. You know that a man embodies the opinion that he has of others. And that we are many and faithful only when in the open.

Outside prisons, in the easy atmosphere of our fellow men.

Oh my fellow man, oh my opposite, at the infinite the world divides, but also joins again.

• 6 •

I could evoke here your loves. I have the right, because I have put my hand on your shoulder, to hold me up. And you have upheld thousands like me, for you are this rock from which all men who have hope



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launch themselves into the unknown, with that innocence which allows them to be right.

Multitudes of men and women, captives, suddenly break free by a word, by a gesture, by a look. Eyes, a mouth, a body which opens all doors. And the world becomes light; in the treacherous snares of day, the horizon becomes confused, and the roads disappear. And on the naked earth; the sun leads us on.

Let us evoke your present loves—and my lost loves. It is good to speak of that which we love and that which we have loved.

You are happy and I have been happy. See: I am almost blind and I love the light.

Look at me, since you know how to give a final shape to that which fades and perpetuate an image that lies dying on the table. Seeing and understanding are reunited.

The shapes that you create cannot be claimed by darkness. A host of portraits, sensitive and confiding, truthful mirrors.

My gentle friend, the sea is in front of us, complete. We touch it and do not see it.

You persuade me that the one I loved I can see, even though I touch her no more.

You know space throughout and the distances between each desire, between all things so different as dreams and desires, as waking and sleeping, as the hand and the cloud, as our flesh and its double.

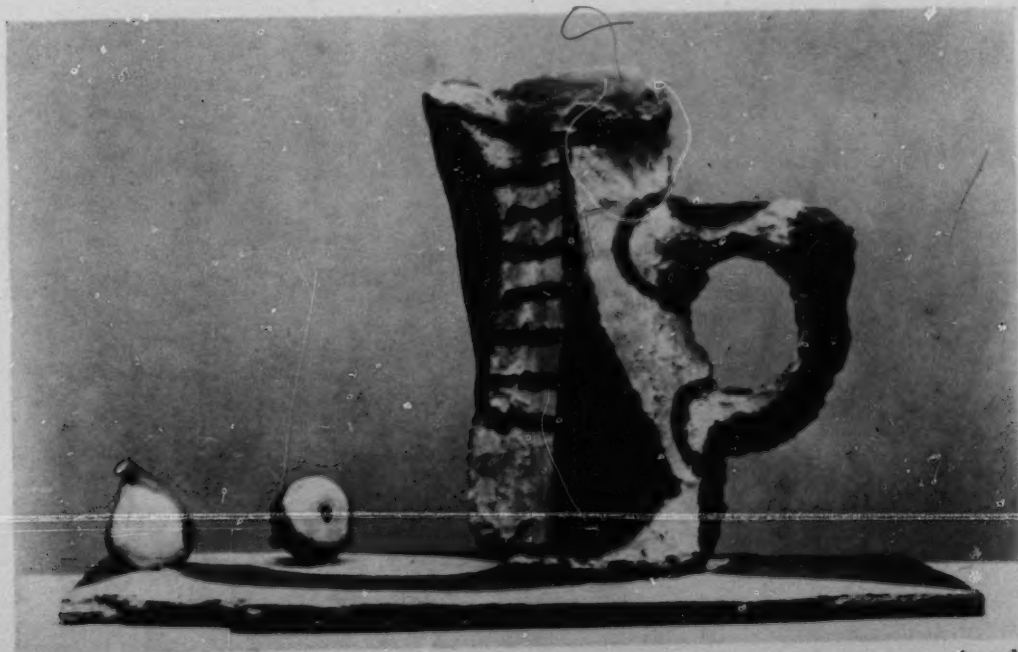
Science of proportions, knowledge of the possible, balance of the conquest of the real, you are the friend of man and of beasts in the same manner as the rainbow, you are amorous of that which is worthy to be loved, you recognise in woman the changeable image of woman, the negator, always, of the drought and oblivion.

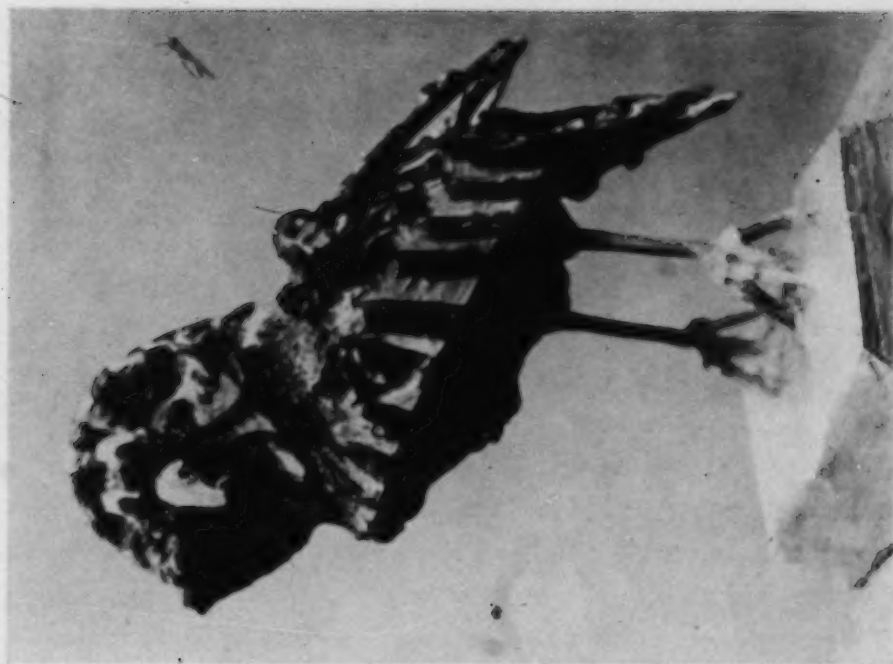
You prepare her bed, and you laugh with pleasure.

The darkest misery would be to see where there is nothing to see but oneself, to halt on the threshold of the world: one's own life, to salute oneself as mortal and to withdraw.

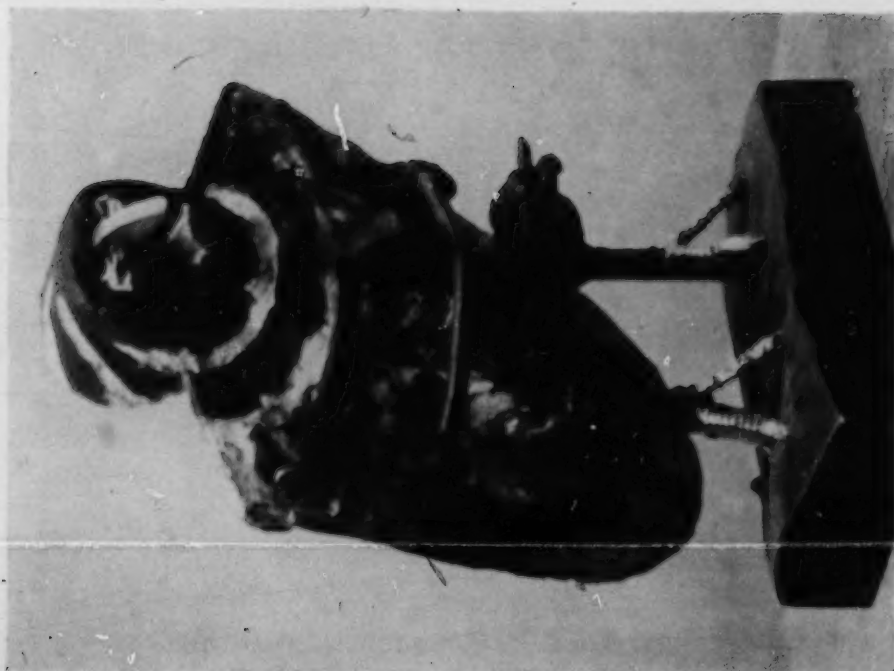
You love with solidarity, to prove life. Amorous by good logic.

And, generously, you give sight.

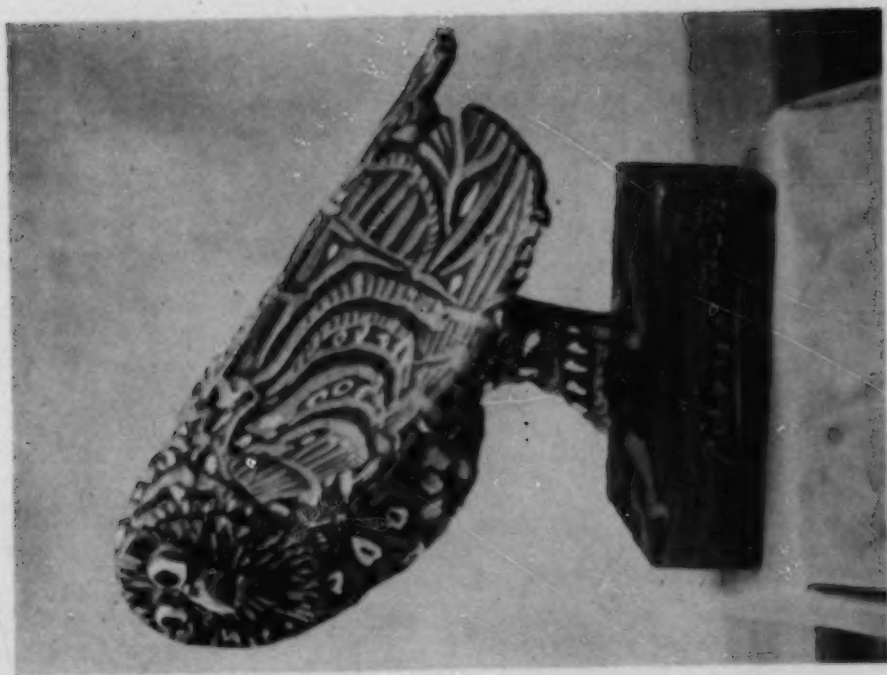




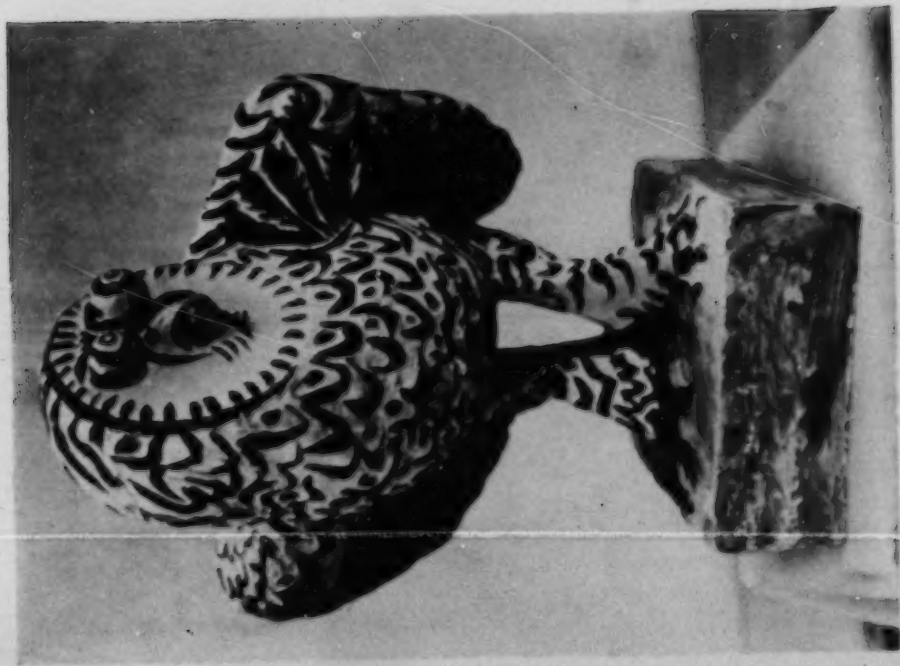
[34]



[35]



[39]



[36]

Having had so much to see beyond your hand, you are always anxious to reveal, to astonish.

Having had so much to see within the scope of your hand, you are confident in the hands of others.

You know that many among us, from weariness, do not see the world. Reproduce it still less.

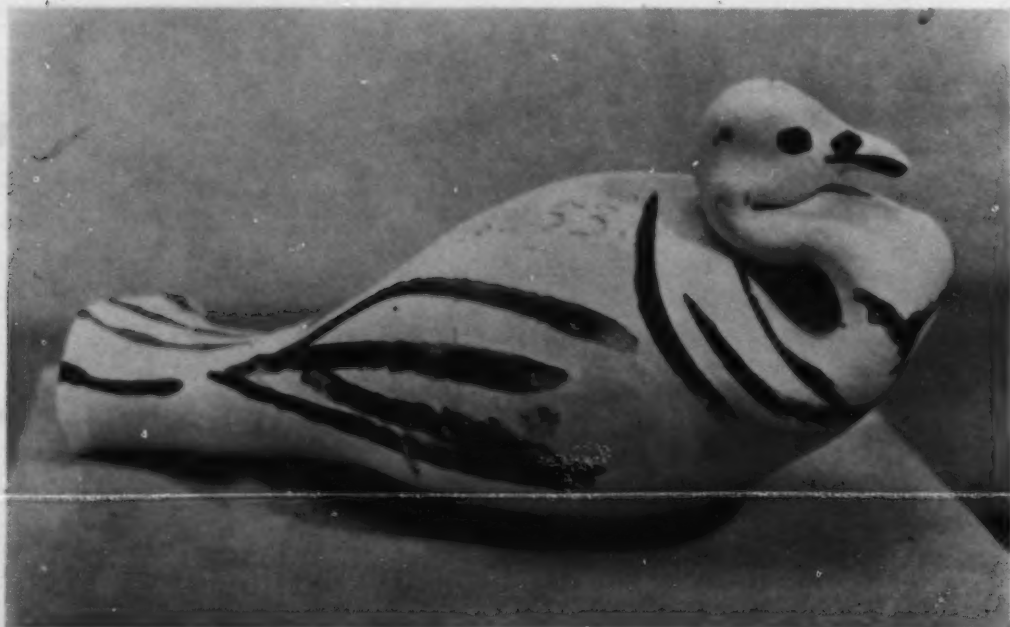
To walk within ourselves is like a punishment: it does not lead far.

No one hears us when we cry from a prison.

From the depths of wasting walls, we are not understood. You do not blame us: on the contrary.

But you also know that the least slip projects us into daylight, you know, better than anyone, that a great expanse of spring is not necessary for the release of all summer on earth, to open hands, widen foreheads, and compel the future.

Walls are well known to you, the highest, and yet you, you are not left below. Do you suffer the less for that?





[41]

Have you not always seen, like all conscious men three important furrows in your face, one between the eyebrows, and two, more solid, from the bridge of the nose to the point of the chin, three inscriptions on the blackboard that the blunt apples of your eyes have hollowed out.

The human face dances faintly. Its evolutions do not make it separate from its skeleton, nor marry with a star or the fruit of vanilla. At best with the monkey orchis or the milestone.

You know this well, you who draw faces that remain faces and not just anybody baptised anything, you who are face, you who are man, you who are woman, the true thing, brave object, my friend. And only so that we should not doubt.

Your eyes feed your hand. Perhaps your eyes never close. And your hand grows heavy with a seed that sprouts.

And your eyes are the forge, and your hand a mother. She is just. Just like an axe that separates the world in two: one side light and the other time. An axe that fells, not a tree, but the forest, and it is not the wilderness of a diamond, but the whole live ant-heap—and the present. At the window opposite, a woman holds in her arms a new-born child. She has like you the other half of the world with her.

• 8 •

You do not allow the shadows a free hand, you will not limit life—the life of your eyes, of your hands.

Your flag flies against the wind. And you advance fighting.

I am conscious of your struggle, I am not conscious of your fatigue. You know all by heart.

And still, you are accessible, respectful and gentle, good and charming.



Until the moment when the shadow rolls its deep eyes, believing it has rights over you, my proud savage, my great brother.

Until the moment when you feel responsible for your brothers for their cause. The future depends on this. Their cause is just—and you are just.

• 9 •

Your work is the pitcher full of water that a girl carries on

her head. It is held firmly at its centre of gravity. It confines and develops her movements, her immobility, stretches her neck, slims her ankles, poises higher her breasts.

In the brilliance of your work the tempest and the quivering fields of wheat exalt.

We have the world behind us and in front. The work accomplished is the work to be done, for, turn about and it has changed.

All things must for ever be reinverted, be seen again, to work becomes a delight.

Your eagerness to understand all carries you beyond yourself, you never repeat yourself. You are, in this monotonous world, like a child that grows, that loses each day his heart of yesterday. Each day along an unknown path. My little one, what kind of man will you become? For you pass beyond the everlasting promises of the masters, and weeping for their memories of slaves is heard, all the old dying griefs.



1932

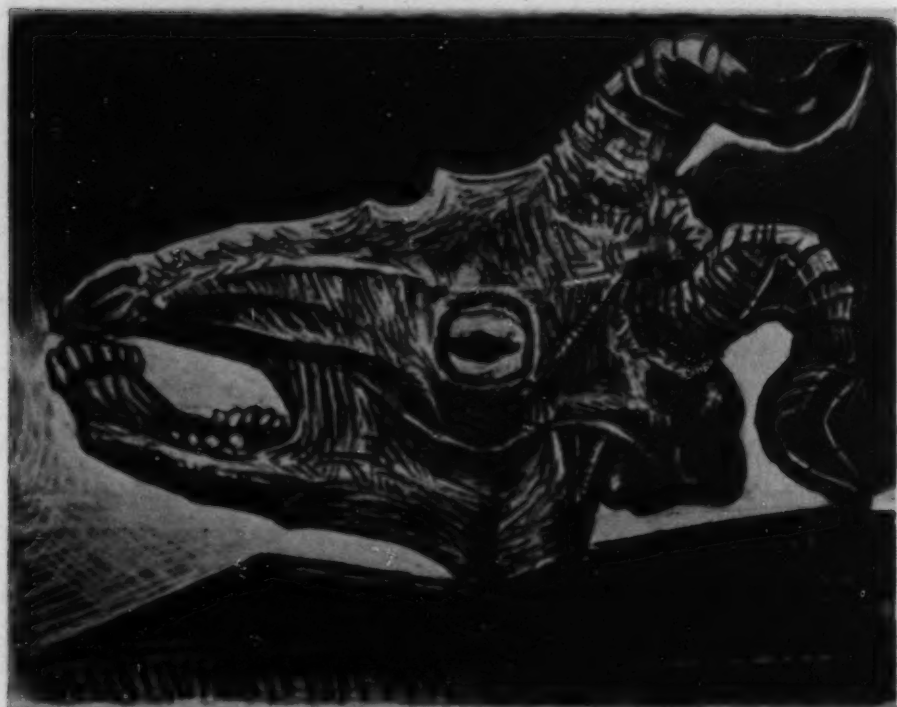
[29]

• 10 •

Are we worthy friends? Yes, if all men shall become friends.

There will be, to-morrow, in the well-appointed place of our hearts, a united, happy throng—victorious.

LITHOGRAPHS AND AQUATINTS



[65]



[53]



[62]



[63]



[55]



[56]



[58]



[59]



[61]





DIMANCHE 26.11.50.

